

## Hidden Side Stories by ladyvady

**Series:** [Hidden \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy's backstory, Child Abuse, Gen, Implied/Referenced Domestic Violence, Minor Character Death

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Susan Hargrove

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**Summary:**

Okay, so this isn't an update on the main story, and for that I apologize wholeheartedly. Last month got busy, then I got lazy and partially muse-less. I'm working on it though, and it's not abandoned at all, I promise (and I am humbled by the reaction so far). I am having difficulties with the Harrington's chapter (I want to get the transition right, and lots of other stuff is clamoring to be written instead – I am working toward posting it this coming weekend), and then I had some inspiration for a few little side stories that won't really fit in the main story, but go with it overall (kind of fillers, I guess? Or some back history in a lot of cases). This particular one I felt was necessary as Billy will obviously be a major part of the story, once I get closer to the canon part of the story. I'll add to them as they come along, and hope you all enjoy/like/don't hate them.

As always, all mistakes are my own, so please let me know if I've made any glaring ones (or minor).

## Hidden Side Stories

### Author's Note:

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Billy stares at his reflection in a daze, confused by the state that both his face and life are in. He's 14 years old and yet he feels 80. The mirror isn't cracked, but it might as well be. Wouldn't that be a metaphor for his life now, fractured with a skewed view of the reality he used to have? The eyes staring back at him are bruised and red from the crying he's not supposed to do (boys don't cry, Billy, man up!). Words he never thought his father would say, along with so many others, have become his norm now. His arm is sore as well, but the bruises are fading, and he's thankful to not have to wear long sleeve shirts much longer.

He misses his mother. He misses her laugh, her smiles, and the way the three of them had fit together so well. The first 12 years of his life hadn't been perfect, but his family had been happy. Vacations traveling all over California, the pictures of their journey's now boxed

and stored in the garage where he can't see them.

During those 12 years, there had been a few plays, several school concerts, sports...and rarely had his parent's missed any of them. His father worked hard, but made time to come whenever possible. His mother tutored children part time, and always seemed so happy with working with children (he often wondered why she hadn't become a teacher). She never missed an event, whether it be sports, band, or a parent-teacher conference.

Twelve years of happiness that slowly began to slip away after a routine trip to the doctor that lead to many more appointments, and so many tests. The tests seemed so never-ending, especially once the word cancer was brought to the table. His parents reassured him, she was going to be fine, she was strong, and would fight it off, and he'd believed them. At first.

The diagnosis came 6 months before his 13th birthday, and by the time it came, he'd watched his beautiful mother slowly get sicker and sicker. Her hair was gone by the 4th month, and she dropped weight drastically due to not being able to hold much food down. By the time his 13th birthday arrived, he'd already lost her weeks prior, because the cancer "was more aggressive" than first anticipated.

There was no cake, no presents, and he was grateful for it, because he didn't want any of those things; he wanted his mother back. He'd cried so much then, and it had been okay. His father cried too, and they had had each other. It wasn't perfect, it would never be again, but they would take care of each other. It's what she would have wanted, and both of them would have done anything for her.

He tried at school, he really did, but first he was so sad and then he was just angry; at everyone and everything. He would see other kids picked up afterschool while he was stranded because his father had forgotten to pick him up again. School and sports activities held little appeal anymore, especially when there was no one there to watch him.

His father took on more hours at work, and he was busy; Billy understood. He hated it, but he understood. His dad came home tired all the time, and they ate TV dinners while hardly speaking to each

other anymore.

Six months ago, the tide had fully changed when his father had to leave work early to pick up Billy from school. He'd gotten into a fight with some idiot kid spouting off about how his mother had bought him some new video game system and how awesome both she and the game were. Billy had just snapped. He's not even sure why when he thinks back, except that he'd just been so angry and wanted to shut the kid up.

His father had already seemingly begun to lose any patience he'd once had, with anything, but especially Billy. A call from the school, because of a discipline issue? Patience isn't in his father's vocabulary anymore. Oh he'd kept it pretty cool while at the school, and even just completely silent on the drive home, but once the door had closed his father looked at him with a look he'll never forget (mainly because he sees it so often now). He'd barely had the time to think of an apology before he felt a sharp pain in his cheek and a hard, bruising grasp on his arm. His *dad made it painfully clear how he felt about what Billy had done.*

*Initially, after that first incident, he thinks maybe his father was shocked (and slightly sorry?) over his own behavior, because it was a good three weeks before any other incident occurred. The flood gates slowly opened from there though; first with smaller criticisms to finally smacks and hits for anything his father felt warranted the action.*

*Billy never knew what would set him off, and his home life constantly held an edge of fear to it. Initially that fear carried over to school, and he isolated himself; not wanting anyone to know what was going on. Later he just felt resentful of all his classmates, and their perfect little lives.*

*Two years later, and he's back looking at himself in that same mirror, but this time the crack is real. Neil had thrown a glass at him in a drunken fit about a year ago, after they started arguing over his grades dropping. They're perfect now, but his face still has a bruise on it, and his ribs are tender, even a week after the fight.*

*He's blasting his music right now, since Neil is gone to work. He'd had to change jobs. Neil said it was because the place was being overrun with the "wrong" kind of people, and the quality of the work was really going down ("best to move on now, before the whole place falls apart" sure,*

dad, whatever). What Billy thinks is Neil has become a racist piece of shit because of his asshole new “friends” and got fired for it. That had been quite the shock to Billy, and he wonders if it was always under the surface with Neil, or if it’s something new that Neil felt comfortable enough to embrace (especially with those shitheads he goes drinking with on most weekends).

Neil’s got like three personalities, and if they weren’t all shitty, Billy might have even been impressed. The first one is the reserved for Billy alone, and while he hates it, it’s not the one he hates the most. That is reserved for personality number two, fake ass Neil, as he’s dubbed it in his head. Neil presents that personality to hide the fact that he’s a raging monster who drinks too much (fooling people into thinking he’s some kind of upstanding citizen, ha!). The third contains a part of personality number one, because Billy does have to experience it, and it’s also the most real one, he thinks. It’s the piece of shit face he uses with the assholes he met at his new job; angry old men, spewing hate at anything they feel is an injustice to them (people, work, movies, tv, people breathing). Fucking tragic (yeah right, he thinks and rolls his eyes). All these jerks have done is given an outlet that just creates more negativity all around his home life.

That negativity is why Billy is so damn shocked when he finds out Neil is dating someone. He’s even more stunned when he meets her; Susan is not his mother, but she is really nice, sweet even. Billy wants to rail, he wants to hate her; however, in reality he’s just overwhelmed with the need to tell her to run away, run away fast. This doubles when he finds out she has a daughter; a fiery little red head named Maxine (“call me Max!"). He can’t imagine her not pushing all of Neil’s buttons. Neil is different with them though, kinder (or so it appears), and after that, he just feels an underlining dislike for them both. Why do they get the man he’s supposed to have?

Despite the anger, and the hate, he still feels the benefits from them being around more by way of less physical abuse from Neil (most anyway, not all, and definitely not anything verbal if no one else was around). He even feels a twinge of protectiveness toward Maxine. He had always wanted a sibling when he was younger, and now he had one...sort of? She probably doesn’t feel like he is though, because he doesn’t really show it to her. Instead, it manifests in giving dirty looks to shitty boys he thinks spend too much time talking to Max or looking at her. It pisses her off, when he has

*to pick her up from school, because as soon they see his Camaro (thank you, Uncle Rick) they scatter like the cockroaches they are. He then has to listen to her bitch about having no one to talk to about her stupid video games (which only makes him smirk more).*

*The culmination of the shit pile that has become his life happens when he not only finds out Neil and Susan are going to get married, but that they were also all moving to Indiana (what-the-actual-fuck!?). Apparently, precious Susan and Maxine had family out there, and Neil had found himself a nice, cushy job that paid more than he was making now (what-the-fuck?! times two).*

*He thinks the move is also motivated with what Neil thinks Billy is doing in his free time, or rather who he's doing. Anyone he damn well pleases, not that he'd ever tell Neil that to his face, but also not nearly as many as he knows Neil assumes it to be. Billy wants neither a pregnant girl to deal with nor a disease to live with. Doesn't mean he can't enjoy himself though, and can't imagine that will continue to happen after moving to the middle of fucking nowhere. He's 17 now though, and only has one more year of school to go, and then he'll be free (and Neil can fuck right off).*